

# The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,  
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,  
And doe such busines as the bitter day  
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,  
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer  
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,  
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To giue them scales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gyldesterne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs  
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,  
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,  
And he to *England* shall along with you,  
The termes of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so neer's as doth houely grow  
Out of his browes.

*Gyl.* We will our selues prouide,  
Most holy and religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

*Ros.* The single and peculier life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more  
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie  
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw  
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele  
Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,  
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things  
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

*Each*

# Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence  
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone  
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,  
For we will fetters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros.* We will haue vs. *Excunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe  
To heare the proesse, I'll warrant shee' letax him home,  
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,  
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,  
Since nature makes them parcial, should ore-heare  
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,  
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,  
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,  
A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,  
And like a man to double busines bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,  
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,  
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens  
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,  
• To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
• Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.  
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer  
Can serue my turne, forgive me my foule murther,  
• That cannot be since I am still posselt  
• Of those effects for which I did the murther;  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

*I.*

*May*